

I'll Show You the Way

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Summary: There is a new girl in Alexandria and she has a serious problem; good thing Daryl can solve it. Daryl/OFC

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Daryl woke up refreshed for the first time in a long time. There wasn't anything specific he was required to do that day and was going to take it easy; work on his bike for a bit, have lunch with Aaron and Eric, and maybe take a walk around town. Perhaps not necessarily in that order he decided once he walked out the front door. He stood on the porch and took a deep breath of fresh air. He adjusted his crossbow against his back, felt his hip to verify that he had his hunting knife, and headed off in the direction opposite of his precious motorcycle. He walked along the sidewalk and past all the beautiful, large houses. Waving at Abraham and Eugene as they made their way to the gate for the morning shift, he ducked down an alley between two rows of houses. As he passed behind Glenn and Maggie's house, he heard voices coming from the side and not wanting to eavesdrop on the couple, he walked faster until he realized the person speaking with Maggie wasn't her husband.

Hannah had the most beautiful southern lilt he had ever heard. The first time he had been in proximity of that voice, he had a knife to his throat and Aaron had his gun drawn on four strangers. The recruiters had been staking out a camp for three days before approaching the unknown survivors. Unfortunately, the two men hadn't been as stealthy as they thought, because the moment they reached the camp, Daryl had been taken by surprise and felt the sharp blade of a knife against his throat. It had taken some negotiating and smooth talk by Aaron, but the strangers had relented and released the hunter when the other man had convinced them they were only looking for survivors to take home. He later learned the young woman with the knife was named Hannah; the other three people were Patricia, her

husband Eddie, and Eddie's brother Ethan. The three family members had found Hannah outside a small abandoned town fifty miles away, and the quartet had been traveling together ever since.

On their way back to Alexandria, Daryl had convinced Hannah to ride on the bike with him, citing that with four people and all their supplies in Aaron's car, there wasn't enough room for her to be comfortable. She had agreed easily enough, and jumped on behind Daryl without hesitation. He enjoyed that ride, more that he had enjoyed anything in a long time. Her arms squeezed him tight, and gave him butterflies in his stomach; something he hadn't felt since he had first discovered girls. They didn't speak to each other much, and she rarely made eye contact with him when they would stop to stretch their legs, but he didn't mind. He took the opportunity to gaze at her without worry of being discovered. Since the new group had come to Alexandria, Daryl had gotten to know the new residents a little better. He had shared watch with both Eddie and Ethan, and Carol, Maggie, and Michonne had cooked dinner for them as a welcome to the neighborhood. Daryl hadn't had the opportunity to spend as much time with Hannah as he the others from her group, and wanted to rectify that, but hadn't yet found a legitimate reason to approach her.

He didn't intend on listening to the two women talk, but the sound of that Scarlet O'Hara melody had him frozen to the spot. "You must be so excited Maggie. I never thought I would ever see a baby again, much less meet a pregnant woman in this kind of world." Daryl heard Hannah say.

"This wasn't an easy decision to make Hannah," Maggie replied. "Judith's mother died in childbirth, and Glenn and I were scared for a long time. We stopped having sex entirely when condoms were hard to come by. But when we came here, we felt safe; still do. We talked about it a lot and realized that now would be the time. Although things are still up in the air, we haven't been this safe since the prison. There's more people here and more security. We felt it was the right time and we didn't want to wait anymore."

"Well, I admire you both and am very happy for you. I can't have any of my own, but I had two nieces and a nephew before all this started. I'll babysit anytime you want."

"Thank you, I'm sure I'll take you up on that offer. Can I ask you a personal question?" Maggie said.

"Sure, it's not like I have anyone to keep a secret from," Hannah said laughing.

"Are you and Ethan together?"

"No, he tried, and he's a very nice man, but I'm not interested in sex."

Maggie's jaw dropped to the ground. "Not interested since the world went to hell, or never interested?"

"I was interested. Had a few relationships in high school and college, but they were all very disappointing and boring. I figured it was a waste of time to pursue a sexual relationship. I focused on my career."

"There are a lot of guys here in Alexandria, there has to be one that can rock your boat."

"I doubt it," Hannah said, sighing loudly. "Besides I can't imagine any of them wanting to waste their time trying to convince me otherwise."

Daryl tried to wrap his head around what Hannah was saying. It was a goddamn shame, and something needed to be done about it. He quietly walked away, continuing on his path, thinking about what he could do to help the poor woman.

After having lunch with Aaron and Eric, he went straight to the garage, and began to tinker with his beloved motorcycle; thoughts of Hannah filling his mind. He imagined all sorts of things he wanted to do to her; all sorts of things he knew would change her perspective on sex. He had never been what one would call a ladies' man, but he most certainly knew his way around a woman's body; he had Merle for a brother after all. Merle had started teaching him at a young age that women liked to be handled a certain way and taught his brother every trick he knew. Daryl didn't have a lot of self-confidence; he wasn't very educated and he didn't have proper social skills, but he could make a woman scream to wake the dead.

He was so occupied by the bike and Hannah, he lost track of time. When he finally came up for air, the sun was setting. He cleaned up his mess and washed himself up before saying goodnight to his friends and closing the garage door. He walked down the street with his hands in his pockets, not really paying attention to anything. It was dinner time and most Alexandrians' were probably enjoying the final meal of the day Daryl assumed, because there was no other people on the street. He lived two blocks away from Aaron and Eric and would be passing the house where Hannah and her group lived on his way home. He was too lost in thought to notice though, until he heard a sweet southern voice call his name.

"Hey Daryl," Hannah said as she sat on the porch swing smoking a cigarette.

Daryl stopped in his tracks and looked up at the southern belle. "Hey Hannah. How you doing?" he asked.

"Doing fine. You on your way home?"

He turned and walked to the steps, resting his hand on the pillar. "Yeah, I've been over at Aaron and Eric's working on the bike; lost track of time." he said looking her over before settling his eyes on her lips.

"That's a beautiful motorcycle; did you build it yourself?" she asked and patted the seat of the swing next to her, indicated to Daryl that she wanted him to sit down.

He sauntered over and sat down close to her, taking his own cigarettes out of his pocket and lighting one. "Yeah, Aaron was collecting parts long before we ever got here. When he asked me to go out recruiting with him, he let me use his garage to build it. I was riding my brother's Triumph until I had to leave it behind when we got run out of the prison."

"Maggie told me about the prison and what happened. It sounds like it was a real safe place."

"It was. The best place we'd had up until then." He took a drag off his smoke and looked at her. "I overheard you and Maggie talking this morning. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I was taking a shortcut through the alley behind the house and, well . . . "

"What did you hear?" she said looking back at him.

"Y'all were talking about the baby, and . . . sex," he said, his voice low and rough. "Were you telling the truth? Because if you were, that's a damn shame."

"It's true. I have zero interest in sex. I don't understand what the fuss is about. It's messy, boring, and a waste of time."

Daryl chuckled. "Oh sweetheart, you have shit taste in men." He brushed her hair off her shoulder and behind her back. "You've never come, have you?"

"I don't know. If I have, it wasn't what I've heard it is."

He softly ran his thumb along the length of her neck. "Darlin', if you're not sure whether you've had an orgasm or not, you've never had one. Either those men couldn't give you what you need, or they were just shit in bed. If you'd had a real man, you'd want it every minute of every day."

"Really?" she responded sarcastically. "And are you suggesting that you're a real man?"

He leaned into her and whispered in her ear. "You better fucking believe it. I'll make you come in record time, harder than a freight train, and all night long." She felt a flush of heat shoot through her body at his words. She had never had a man say those things to her so confidently, and she had definitely never been aroused by so little effort. Hell, if this was what being aroused felt like, she had never experienced that either.

"You really think you can do all that? I bet you're all talk, just like the others."

"You want to bet on this, that's fine sweetheart. After I make you scream my name loud enough for everybody in this damn place to hear it, tomorrow you're gonna tell everyone you see that your mine. Your gonna tell them that Daryl Dixon fucks you like a god." Her panties flooded at the prospect and she moaned quietly. She had never wanted sex this badly; she needed it, and she needed Daryl to give it to her. He stood up and took her hand, pulling her into his arms. He kissed her hard, and with every ounce of passion that had been growing inside him since she had the balls to hold that knife to his throat.

"Upstairs, my bedroom," she said breathlessly as their lips parted. Her three housemates were in the living room playing cards, and not paying attention when Hannah and Daryl came through the door; their arms wrapped tightly around each other. She took his hand and led him upstairs. Once the door was closed and locked behind them, Daryl pushed her against it and devoured her mouth again, soon moving to

her neck. He had one hand in her hair, using it to maneuver her head back to give him better access to her skin while his other hand was gripping her hip, pulling her body closer to his.

"I have wanted you since the first time I saw you, ever since I heard your sweet voice," he said with his hot breath against her skin. "Say my name; I love the way it sounds coming from your lips."

"Oh Daryl, I haven't ever wanted anyone like this before." He unbuttoned her shirt and slid it off her shoulders. "I want to come Daryl. Please make me come." She felt his hard cock on her thigh and rubbed her body against him. Reaching around her he made quick work of her bra and it landed on the floor on top of her shirt.

He squeezed her breasts and pinched her nipples. "Tell me how you want it Hannah. Tell me what you want me to do to you; how do you want to come?"

She looked at him and didn't know how to respond. She had never been asked that and had never been in the position to tell a man what she wanted, and wondered what other positions Daryl could put her in. "I . . . I don't know. I don't know if I can come Daryl. I don't know what I want." He pulled her away from the wall and walked her backward toward her bed.

"I'll just have to figure that out on my own then, huh." He said as he gave her a devilish grin and lifted her up by the hips, tossing her onto the bed. She landed with a bounce, making her breasts jump and Daryl growled like a predator about to devour his prey. He made quick work of his own clothes, leaving them in a heap on the floor. Then, bending over her, he removed her pants and panties in one swift motion. His eyes raked over her naked form and his cock twitched. He was grateful that he had taken off his clothes because his dick would have poked a hole through his jeans by now. He leaned over her body and ran his hands down her silky skin, massaging and caressing her softly. "Any of those boys you been with ever eat you out?"

Hannah's eyes went into the back of her head; she couldn't answer with words so she shook her head vigorously. "Well darlin', that's a shame. Ain't nothing better than the taste of a beautiful woman, and you are the most beautiful woman I've ever known." He climbed her body and hovered over her. "I'm gonna make you come with my mouth." He kissed her shoulder. "I'm gonna show you how good it feels to be with someone who cares about you; someone who loves you." He kissed and licked his way down her delicate skin until he arrived at the spot where he so desperately wanted to be. He went to his knees on the floor and pulled her to the edge of the bed. Putting his hands on her knees, he pushed them apart and laid them flat against the mattress, spreading her open for him; looking at her, his eyes dilated and darkened to black. He ran his finger through her wetness; the rough pad of his finger brushing against her highly sensitive and engorged nub. Her body shook and she cried out his name as he smirked at her.

"Hannah, baby, look at me." She lifted her head and saw the look of intent in his eyes. "I want you to watch me; I want you to see what I'm doing to you. Don't take your eyes off me Hannah." Never breaking eye contact with her, he dipped his head and ran his tongue over her from bottom to top. He ran his lips over her clit and kissed her slowly. The rush of new sensations and feelings brought tears to her

eyes. This is what she had heard about; this was what she had never experienced and thought was a myth. His lips and tongue caressed her and soon she felt his finger tease her entrance.

"Aaahh Daryl! Yes! Yes! Fuck this feels so good! You're so good Daryl!" she said with stuttering breath. They never broke eye contact, although it was getting harder and harder for her to keep her eyes open. When his finger breeched her slit, her back arched and she grasped the sheets with all her strength. He pumped his finger slowly, curling it as to hit the magic spot inside her. She had lost the ability to make coherent speech and was now making nonsensical noises that spurred Daryl on and made his already hard dick hurt and leak. He lost himself in her heat and her taste, and his gentle kisses became crude and abrasive. He hadn't tasted anything as good as her in so long and he lost control running his teeth along her clit, exciting more incoherency and trembling in her. He stopped pumping his finger and gently rubbed her spot over and over until he felt her tighten around him.

"Let go Hannah," he said without taking his mouth off her. "Give it to me baby; let me taste you." She blindly and unconsciously obeyed him and released her orgasm with hitching breaths; curses and Daryl's name falling from her lips as he drank her in. Daryl took everything she gave him into his mouth and licked her clean before crawling up her body and taking her mouth with his own. He brushed the hair out of her face, and smiled down at her. "Tell me how good that was. Tell me you want more."

"Fuck yes I want more. There aren't words to describe it Daryl. You are the most amazing fucking man I have ever known. No one has ever done this to me."

"I ain't close to finished with you sweetheart," he said and sat up, arranging her legs around his waist. He took himself in hand and pumped his leaking dick a couple of times before rubbing the head against her opening. "Tell me you want it; beg for my dick."

"Fuck Daryl. I've never wanted anything more. I need to feel you inside me. Please, I'm begging you to fuck me. Fuck me with that big cock; make me yours." As he pushed through her opening, he leaned down and took a breast in his mouth. He flicked his tongue over her nipple and sucked it gently as his other hand cupped and squeezed her other breast; his fingers flicking and pulling her nipple. When he was balls deep in her pussy, he lifted his head. "You're so beautiful; so hot and tight. You belong to me now Hannah, and I'm gonna take care of you." He pulled out halfway and moved slowly inside her, allowing her the time to stretch and accommodate his size. His mouth returned to her body and he sucked and nipped at her skin, marking her everywhere he could; he wanted the entire population of Alexandria to know that they belonged to each other. She moaned praises in his ear, and ran her nails down his back; their breathing was heavy and Daryl was moaning and growling, his face now buried in her neck.

"Fuck me harder Daryl." Hannah whined as she moved her hips up to meet his thrusts. He sat back and took her hips in his hands. Grasping her harshly, he moved her up and down on his dick, increasing the speed and forcefulness of his hips.

"Are you close Hannah? I need you to come again; I'm almost there

baby. I'm gonna come soon." he growled at her and the strength of his jabs had here nearly done for.

"DARYL! Ah fuck! Fuck!" she screamed as her body shook through her orgasm. He pushed faster and spilled inside her with a series of grunts and growls. Once Daryl had emptied himself inside her, he laid on top of her supporting himself with his arms as not to crush her with the weight of his body. He nuzzled his face into her neck and put his lips on her skin until his spent cock slipped out of her. Rolling onto his back beside her, he wrapped her up in his arms and pulled her to him.

"You still feel the same about things?" he asked her, kissing her forehead.

"No," she replied, "You definitely changed my mind Daryl Dixon. I thought good sex was a myth," she said as she ran her hand down his chest.

"It was more than just sex to me Hannah. I love you and want you to be mine."

"It was more than sex to me too Daryl, and I am yours. I've never felt anything so incredible in my life. It was sensual and erotic; I didn't think I would ever feel anything so wonderful. Thank you for showing me it could be like that."

"It will always be like that between us, I promise." He pulled the sheet up over them and rested her head on his chest. "I still ain't finished with you," he said sleepily. "I've got so much to show you Hannah; so much to share with you. I'll never be finished showing you how good it can be."

"I look forward to it," she said and relaxed against his body, laying her leg over his.

The next morning, the new lovers woke in each other's arms, much like they had fallen asleep. They lazily kissed and touched each other for a long time before deciding to get out of bed. When they got downstairs, Patricia, Eddie, and Ethan were at the table eating breakfast. Three pairs of eyes locked onto theirs, Patricia the only one with a smile on her face. "We're gonna take a walk," Daryl said taking Hannah's hand in his own. "We'll be back later; we got some people we need to see."

Hannah giggled at they walked through the door and down the steps. "I think they know what we did last night," she said.

"You made enough noise. I'm surprised no one kicked the door in thinking you were getting murdered, you were screaming so loud," he replied with a smile and a laugh. They made their way down the street, Daryl having a specific destination in mind. When they arrived at the house, Daryl banged on the door hard enough to shake it. When Glenn answered the door, he was surprised to see the two of them together, and noticed they were holding hands. He smiled, but didn't say anything about it. "Hey guys, what's going on? You need something?"

"Yeah," Daryl said. "Maggie here? Hannah's got something to tell her."

Glenn turned his head and yelled into the house. "MAGGIE! HANNAH'S HERE! SHE WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!" He turned back to face his guests, "She'll be down in a minute. You want to come in?"

"Naw," Daryl said, excitedly. "We got other places to go after this." Maggie was at the door in record time and walked outside to the porch, dragging her husband with her.

"Hey Hannah, Daryl. How are y'all?" she asked, also noticing her two friends holding hands.

"Hey Maggie," Hannah said, with a big smile on her face. Maggie's eyes blew wide open and her jaw dropped to the ground when she heard what her friend was there to tell her. "We just came by for a second; I just wanted to let you know that Daryl and I are together now, and he fucks me like a god."

End  
file.